

More Than Just a Doll

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Summary: Scrump was a homemade doll, that much we know. But what was going on in Lilo's mind after her friends left her behind? What was she feeling when her friends essentially told her the doll wasn't good enough?

More Than Just a Doll

Lilo was devastated as she watched her friends walk away. They had made fun of her—made fun of her doll. The other girls had such pretty dolls with fancy clothes and shiny hair. She looked down at the one she had spent hours to create.

The girl had pricked her finger countless times stitching Scrump together. When her creation had been completed, she was thrilled that she hadn't accidentally bled on the green fabric. Her chest had swelled with accomplishment. A second look at the doll had her realizing that the head was a bit big. She blinked thoughtfully for a moment before a huge grin crossed her face. Oh, what a tragic heroine Scrump would be!

Scrump must have been on a daring adventure when it had happened—Asleep in her tent, she was completely unaware of the danger that had crept in behind her. It wasn't until she returned home days later that she knew something was wrong. Some dastardly insect had crawled into her ear, deciding the warm cavity was the perfect place to deposit their eggs! Her head began to swell, slowly at first, then rapidly until it ballooned to three times its original size. The doctors were clueless about how to treat her. They had no idea if the bug's eggs themselves were toxic or if Scrump was simply allergic. All they knew was that she would soon die if the swelling didn't go down. The doll was so sad at this revelation, but she was brave. She still had hope, though the diagnosis was grim.

Yes, her beloved little doll truly was a tragic heroine. Lilo had looked over to see her picture of Elvis smiling down at her. She was certain the King would approve.

And yet, there she stood, abandoned by her friends on the path that now only led to her lonely walk home with her ugly, misshapen, stupid doll. Furious at the hideous thing in her hands, she threw Scrump down as hard as she could. The doll made a soft _flumpf_ as it bounced once to settle in a heap on the worn dirt walkway. Fighting back tears, she stormed away, fully intending to go home and never look back.

She would never look back at Scrump, the stupid doll that she thought would be good enough for her friends to invite her to play. She would never look back at that thing she had struggled to piece together. It could stay there and rot, abandoned for all time. Alone. And lonely. Just like Lilo.

The little girl stopped dead in her tracks. Scrump was alone. The doll had no one else to look after her. She had no one else to love her—nowhere else to belong. Scrump had no Ohana. No family. Lilo was supposed to be her Ohana. She had created Scrump. Scrump was her baby. Horrified at what she had done, the little girl dashed back to where she had left the doll, scooping her up as quickly as her tiny arms could move. Lilo gave her poor doll the tightest hug she could manage, silently promising her that she would never, _ever_ abandon her again. Not for anything.

Holding little Scrump far more lovingly, she began her walk home once more. There was a life-saving operation to perform, and she was determined to save the tragic heroine from the horrible demise that had first awaited her.

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><p>AN: **Just a quick little one-shot that's been floating around in my head for a few days. That little scene has been one of my favorites. It seemed so random at the time, but I guess I got thinking a little more deeply about it. It tells a lot more about Lilo than I realized at first, and I wanted to flesh it out a little. Hope you liked it!

End
file.